



CUD COMICS

#2

\$2.95 US

\$4.15 CAN

TERRY LABAN'S

# CUD

COMICS



T. LABAN  
©96

TERRY LABAN'S  
**CUD**  
COMICS



**WELL,**

IT'S NUMBER  
TWO ALREADY, AND  
IT'S MOTHERFUCKIN' COLD  
IN CHICAGO. A LOT OF PEOPLE  
COMPLAIN ABOUT THE WINTER HERE, BUT  
IT HAS ITS CHARMS. I, FOR ONE, FIND THE WAY  
THE BRICK BUILDINGS HUDDLE AGAINST THE COLD,  
LIKE BUFFALO FACING A WINTER STORM ON THE PRAIRIE,  
SOMEHOW ENDEARING. WINTER IS ALSO THE TIME WHEN THE  
OLD STEAM RADIATORS COME ALIVE, GURGLING AND POPPING IN A WAY  
THAT'S ALMOST HUMAN; IN FACT, THE AGED, THE ISOLATED, AND  
THE CRAZY HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO HAVE CONVERSATIONS  
WITH THEM. THERE'S NO ONE IN THOSE CATEGORIES  
IN **OUR** HOUSE--WELL, I'M AGING, BUT I'M NOT  
EXACTLY **AGED** YET. ANYHOW, I DON'T TALK  
TO THE RADIATORS, BUT I DO DRY  
DISHTOWELS ON THEM. HOW DO  
PEOPLE WHO DON'T HAVE  
WINTER DRY THEIR  
DISHTOWELS? IT'S  
A BIG WORLD, I  
GUESS.



BY

**TERRY  
LABAN**

EDITED BY

**ANINA  
BENNETT**

DESIGN BY

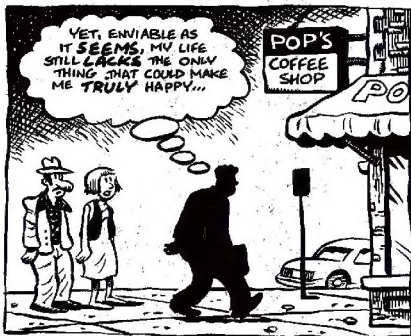
**JULIE  
GASSAWAY**

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# ENO & Plum

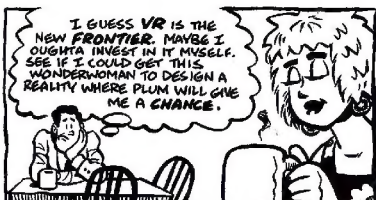
in "VIRTUAL ANXIETY" by T. LABAREE



THE MYSTERIOUS WONDERWOMAN HAS ONCE AGAIN MADE AN INCREDIBLE ADVANCE IN THE TECHNOLOGY OF VIRTUAL REALITY. SEEMS LIKE I READ ABOUT HER EVERY DAY. SHE MUST BE MAKING A MINT.



I GUESS VR IS THE NEW FRONTIER. MAYBE I OUGHTA INVEST IN IT MYSELF. SEE IF I COULD GET THIS WONDERWOMAN TO DESIGN A REALITY WHERE PLUM WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE.



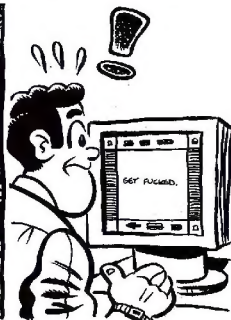
HEY!



THIS WONDERWOMAN PERSON IS NO DOUBT REACHABLE ON THE INTERNET. I'LL TELL HER I'VE GOT A HIGHLY PROFITABLE PROJECT AND ASK HER TO CALL ME.



GET FUGGED.



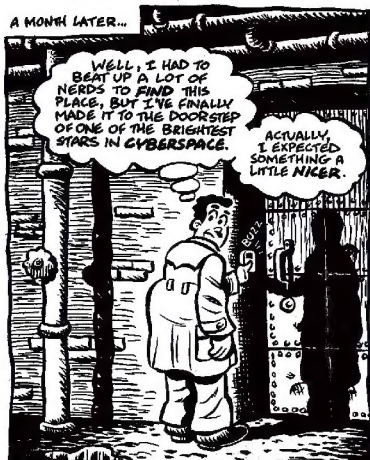
A MONTH LATER...

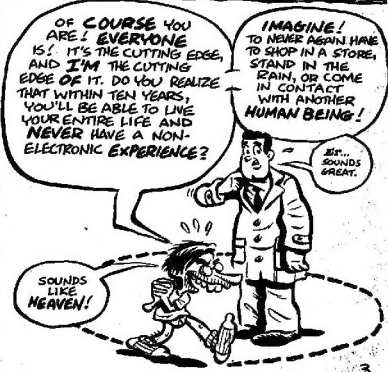
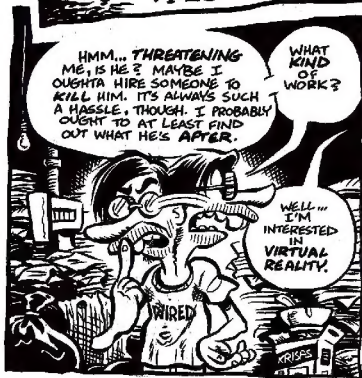
SO... THAT'S HOW IT'S GONNA BE, EH? WELL, EDGAR REAMINGTON DIDN'T GET WHERE HE IS TODAY BY LETTING A LITTLE "FUCK YOU" SCARE HIM OFF!



WELL, I HAD TO BEAT UP A LOT OF NERDS TO FIND THIS PLACE, BUT I'VE FINALLY MADE IT TO THE DOORSTEP OF ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST STARS IN CYBERSPACE.

ACTUALLY, I EXPECTED SOMETHING A LITTLE Nicer.

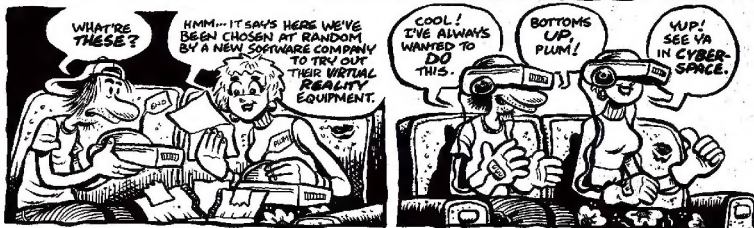








A FEW WEEKS LATER...



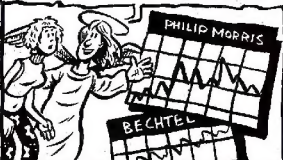






WHO'LL TAKE YOU FROM THIS NASTY ROOM TO WHEREVER YOU WANT TO GO? WHO LIGHTS THE SUN AND HANGS THE MOON? WE BET YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW!

WHO OWNS STOCKS AND BONDS GALORE, EACH ONE AN INVESTOR'S DREAM?



WHO OWNS THAT FAMOUS DISCOUNT CHAIN, KNOWN NATIONWIDE--"THE REAM"?



WHO HELPED PRODUCE THOSE MEGAFILMS "DEATH BITCH" AND "HARD GUYS II"?









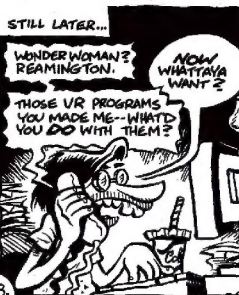
CALL ME!

# EDGAR REAMINGTON

1522 W. LUNT #5  
PHONE: (312) 555-2234  
BEEPER: (312) 561-4536

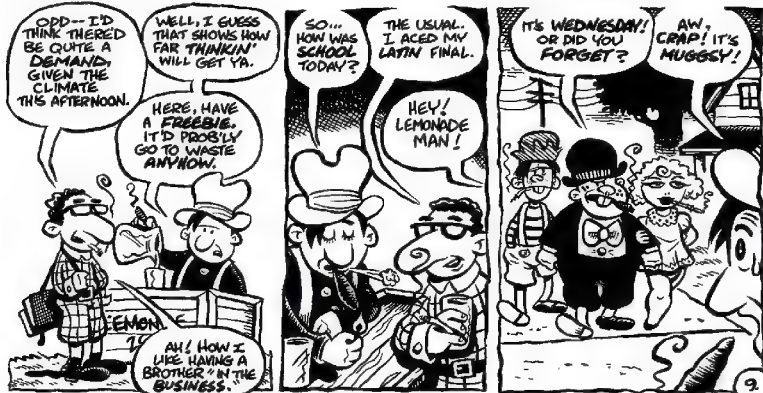


LATER...





# Kids that Smoke







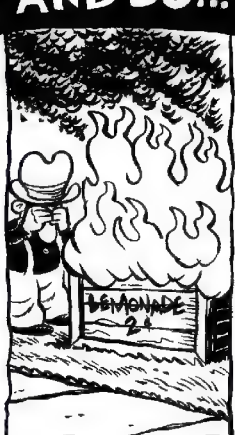








**AND SO...**



# THE <sup>00</sup> AUTHOR IN Bombs Away<sup>00</sup>

by TERRY LABAN<sup>00</sup>

Terry Laban, rocket-science cartoonist, thought he'd proposed himself for the inevitable question, but when he heard it he still felt a mixture of rage and fear shoot up as spines like an icy lance. The congress man's face, white and puffy over the charcoal gray of his beard, made no indication that he either had ever experienced anything like the economic turmoil that had gripped Laban since he'd chosen to destroy the product of four years of tedious labor and millions of government dollars. Laban drew himself up and answered as brightly as he could.

"To love humanity," he said, "to exercise moral judgment — does doing those things make me a communist?"

"I don't know," replied the man. "That's why I asked you. Now, answer me, please: yes or no."

Who could've predicted it would come to this four years ago, when Laban, at the height of his fame, was recruited by the government as part of its effort to develop an "ultimate weapon" that could succeed in stopping the Soviet threat where nuclear and hydrogen bombs had failed. Sprung away to the laboratories at Los

Alamos, he met late one summer day with some of the country's smartest scientists, and listened with a mixture of horror and fascination as they outlined their astonishing plan. They believed, they said, pooling pipes and looking at him over thick, horn-rimmed glasses, that it was possible to create a bomb that would neutralize the enemy's people by causing them to develop the attitudes of the characters in imaginative gag cartoons. The leaders of even the worst totalitarian state could never pursue a campaign of aggression with their citizenry hardened by large cartoon noses,

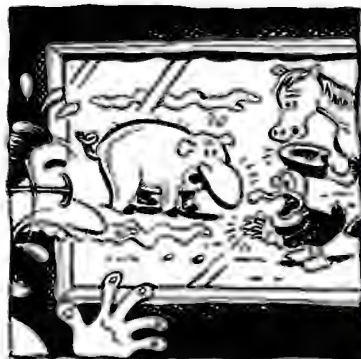


huge feet and small, dot-like eyes. And how could a revolution succeed when its chief spokesman looked like the simple sketches of some second-rate jack-jockey? A crude version of such a weapon already existed. All they needed now was to fine-tune it. At first, blinded by patriotic enthusiasm, Laban had thrown himself into the work, laboring night and day in the hidden lab with a small team of crack cartoonists like himself. But soon, he began to feel a grow-

## PLUM'S GURU

T. LABAN<sup>00</sup>





ing fear that all was not right — and worse, that the government knew it, but didn't care. He was particularly disturbed to discover that one of his colleagues was the infamous Werner Von Bruch, the Nazi cartoonist who had developed a German version of "Bambi," which was responsible for the mockery of untold millions of innocents. Yet, swept up by the thrill of discovery, he worked on, telling himself that in the end, it would all work out for the best. It wasn't till the day of the test itself that LaBar realized what he'd done. As the smoke cleared over the testing range, the high desert sun illuminated with awful clarity the results of his complicated efforts. He tried to tell himself that they were only animals. But as he looked at the pigs with noses so long they'd never again be able to approach a trough, the horses with feet so large they stumbled over them, the ducks with their wings now ending in useless

white-gloved hands, he wept. And he knew what he had to do.

"No," said LaBar, and the answer reverberated in the chamber like a stone dropping on a cement floor.

"Yet you dared to sell the secret of the weapon yet developed to the Russians?"

"I didn't sell it. I gave it to them for free."

"Even so? Why would you do such a thing if you weren't a communist?"

LaBar looked at his quarry, certain the congressman would never be able to understand the answer, but equally certain that it was the answer he had to give.

"Because I am a human being. And it's imperative for the survival of our species as we know it that this horrible weapon be rendered useless."

As they led him away, he heard the murmurs, but the mocking notes at his back. Yet, strangely, he felt an exhilaration that seemed to fill him with a light almost as bright as the one he'd watched bursting over the New Mexican desert.

He knew what the years ahead held — fast diagonals and prizes, then a life of poverty-chasing and a meager living anonymously drawing medical napkins, remembered, if at all, as a trader.

But he also knew that some day this time would pass, and a new generation, their faces unmarred by exaggerated features, would walk in the sun. Whether then he'd be hailed as a hero, or, more likely, forgotten along with the man who now condemned him, mattered not. The important thing was that, thanks to him, it would be so. And he smiled.

## ENO AND PLUM AFTER DEATH

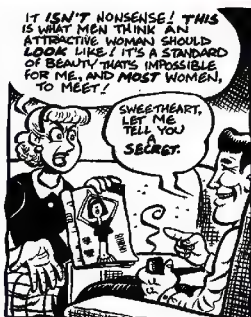
T. LABAREE





# The Kind Men

by TERRY LABAN ©1986



DIG THEM IF YOU CAN-- THEY'RE

# ENO AND PLUM

in

"END THE REVOLUTION WITHOUT ME"

by T. LABANOS

♪ WE CAN BE TOGETHER  
OOOH, YOU AN' MEEEE... ♪  
WE CAN BE TOGETHER  
WE CAN BEEEE... ♪



AH--SPENDING THE AFTERNOON  
POOLSIDE, EH, CHILDREN? IT'S  
NICE TO KNOW THERE ARE STILL  
A FEW PLEASURES LEFT FOR  
YOUR SAD AND FRIGHTENED  
GENERATION.

I FEEL SO SORRY FOR  
PEOPLE YOUR AGE, BUT  
I GUESS YOU CAN'T MISS  
WHAT YOU NEVER HAD. HERE--  
FINISH MY DOOBIE. IT ISN'T  
MUCH, BUT IT'S SOMETHING.

♪ WHAT A DRAG IT  
AIN'T GETTIN'!  
OOLD... HAR HAR!

JEEL, YOUR  
DAD'S SURE IN  
A GOOD MOOD.  
USUALLY HE  
JUST SAYS  
AT ME.

THAT'S  
'CUZ TONIGHT  
HE MEETS WITH HIS  
SWINGERS  
GROUP.

WOW!  
THANKS,  
MR.  
RIVERPEACE.







SOON...













MEANWHILE...







# LETTERS



Dear Terry LaBan:

As a long-time fan, I just had to write and tell you that *Cud Comics* is a work of genius. I must admit that when I heard you were going to be published by Dark Horse, I was worried. Were you about to trade the wildly free life of an underground visionary for the secure, yet boring career of a mainstream benchwarmer? Well, the answer is in, and I'm happy to say it's a resounding "no"! I laughed so hard I practically spit up blood at "You Can Bank On It," yet in the end found myself moved by the pathos inherent in the situation. Eno and Plum are great characters, and I can't wait to see more of them. "Mickey Pimple" also was a riot, and I found myself thinking about the not-so-subtle subtext commentary on adolescent sexuality for days. The backup features were great as well, and your art is simply breathtaking. Keep it up — you are one of comics' true geniuses, a prophet and a god, and a man whom I would consider myself fortunate to gratify orally someday.

Vance Gumstein  
Seattle, WA

Hey, LaBan:

After finishing *Cud Comics* #1, all I can say is for god's sake, give it up! Do anything — anything — but this reeking piece of warmed-over shit! I don't know what they're telling you over there at Dark Horse, but if it's that you're going to be the next "Mask," you'd better wake up and

smell the caca. That Eno and Plum story was the lamest piece of hip wannabe pretentiousness I've ever seen. Who do you think buys your stuff, MTV zombies who can't tell when they're being pandered to? I swear, I was actually embarrassed for you, thinking anyone would enjoy reading this self-conscious, puerile garbage. You might get away with it if you could draw, but your stupid, cartoony style was hard to stomach when your work was good. Look, I could go through the whole comic page by page and tell you why everything either made me want to puke or bored the shit out of me, but what would be the point? It's just sad to see someone who actually had talent, even as little as you, reduced to ripping off comics everyone else got sick of years ago. I can't believe I paid to read this thing — it wouldn't be worth reading if you paid me! Face it, pal — you suck the biggest donkey dick in the known universe, and if I ever meet you I will personally kick your fucking ass.

Hank Torpor  
Boulder, CO

Dear Terry:

I was struck, while reading "You Can Bank On It" in *Cud Comics* #1, how Eno's dilemma corresponds to many of the problems posed by some of the existentialists, in particular, Sartre. There is a sense in which the Sartrean desire parallels the Platonic concept of Eros as expressed in Eno's longing to dominate the sperm

bank. But of course, the difference is that while Platonic desire leads one through less important stages to the philosophical vision of absolute truth, the Sartrean, as well as the "Enoic," leads only to a nonexistent ideal which is basically self-contradictory and irrational.

Lora Skraeling  
Minneapolis, MN

Dear Terry:

Hope all goes well for you in Chicago! The weather here is pleasant, finally, and Dad's been working hard to get the garden ready for winter. We stopped at the comics shop yesterday and bought a copy of your new comic. We're sure it will be a hit, but we just thought we'd send along these catalogues and applications for law schools we received in the mail, as well as some newspaper articles about people your age who have gotten famous and made a lot of money.

Love,

Mom  
Detroit, MI

Terry:

What's black and white and red all over? The Rainbow Coalition! Ha ha.

Mark Pierot  
San Francisco, CA

Send it all to:

**TERRY LABAN**  
P.O. BOX 408136  
CHICAGO, IL 60640



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RALLY ROYALE.

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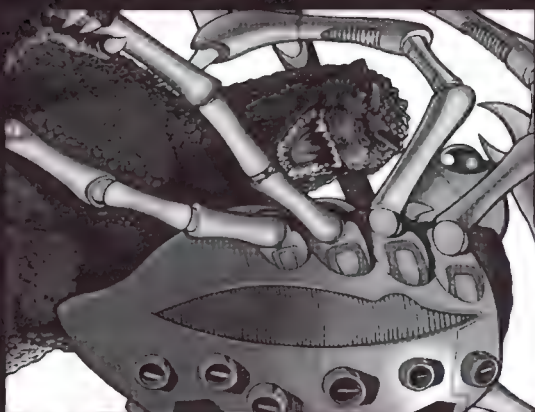
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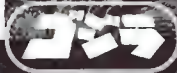
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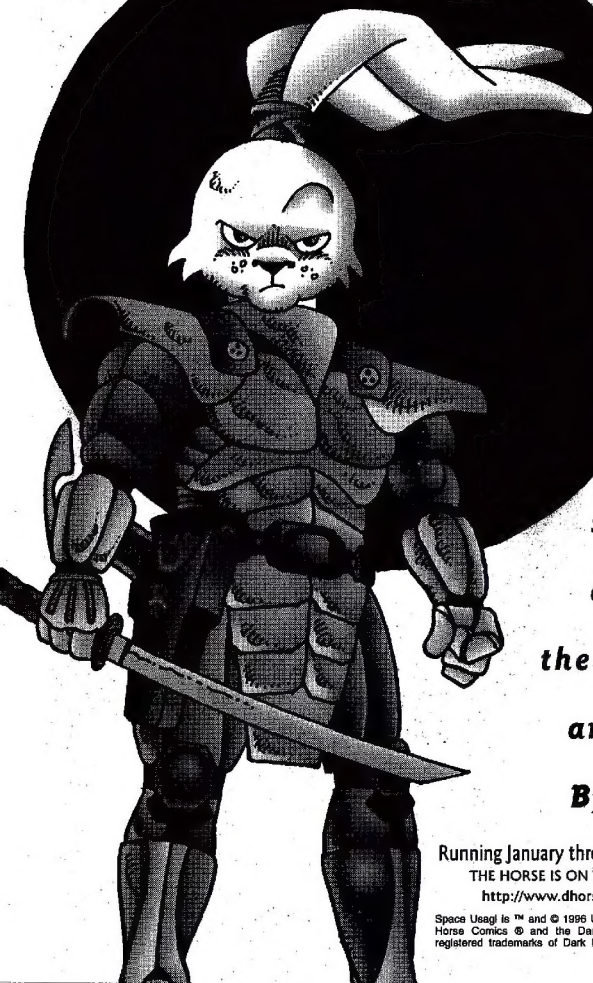


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For his clan lord,  
For himself...

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